

THE LION'S WHELP

A Story of Cromwell's Time

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"The Maid of Maiden Lane," Etc.

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CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

"Now, indeed, you pierce my heart. You at his mercy! It is an intolerable shame! It will make me cry out, even when I sleep! I shall die of it. You! You to be at his mercy—at the mercy of that Puritan braggart. Oh, I cannot endure it!"

"You see that I endure it very complacently, Mata. The man behaved as a gentleman and a soldier. I have even taken a liking to him. I have also paid back his kindness; we are quits, and as soldiers, friends. And I can assure you no one's honor suffered, mine least of all."

But Matilda was hard to comfort. Her last interview with her lover was saddened and troubled by this disagreement.

This, then, was the end of the visit from which she had expected so much; and one sad gray morning in November they reached London.

Matilda said to herself in the first hours of her return that she would not see Jane, but as the day wore on she changed her mind. So she wrote and asked her to come, and Jane answered the request in person, at once. Her admiration for her friend's beautiful gowns and laces and jewels, and her interest in Matilda's descriptions of the circumstances in which they were worn, was so genuine, that Matilda had forgotten her relation to Lord Neville, when the irritating name was mentioned.

"Did you see Lord Neville in Paris?" Jane asked.

"No," Matilda answered sharply. "I did not see him. He called one day, and had a long talk with Sir Thomas but aunt had a headache, and I had more delightful company. He prevented my seeing the Queen of Bohemia on my return, because he offered to attend to my uncle's business at

to the Royalists; the nation, without regard to party, was bitterly incensed and alarmed. Cromwell was no exception; the most conservative of men, he also grew angry and restless when he saw the reign of the saints beginning in earnest.

Soon the anger outside the Parliament House rose to fury. Doubtless Cromwell had foreseen this crisis. Certainly a large number of the members were of his way of thinking, and on the twelfth of December, Col. Sydenham rose, and accusing the members of wishing to put a Mosaic code in place of the Common Law of England—of depreciating a regular ministry (for what need of one, if all men could prophesy?) and of opposing learning and education, he declared the salvation of the nation lay in resigning the trust committed to them into the hands of the Lord General Cromwell. The motion was seconded by Sir Charles Wolsey. The Speaker left the chair, and followed by a majority of the members, went to Whitehall, and there and then they wrote out their resignation.

No serious opposition was made. Some thirty of the members remained in the House "to protest," but Col. Goff entering with a file of musketeers, the argument was quickly closed. Three days after this event a new Council of State resolved that his Excellency be chosen Lord Protector of the three nations, and on the sixteenth of December he so installed in Westminster Hall.

"And you would think that he had been publicly scorned instead of publicly chosen," said Israel to his wife. "He looks miserable; he is silent and downcast, and talks much to himself. Yet he is in his right place, and the only man in England who can save us from anarchy. Martha, his Excellency

possible! impossible! Oh, my God, where is he?"

The ride back to Whitehall after the installation of the Lord Protector was an intoxicating one. Londoners had at last a ruler who was a supremely able man. They could go to their shops, and buy and sell in security. Oliver Protector would see to their rights and their welfare. His very appearance was satisfying; he was not a young man headstrong and reckless, but a Protector who had been tried on the battlefield and in the Council Chamber and never found wanting.

But be the day glad or sad, time runs through it, and the shadows of evening found the whole city worn out with their own emotions. Mrs. Swaffham and Jane were glad to return to the quiet of their home—"Not but what we have had a great day, Jane," said the elder woman; "but, dear me, child, what a waste of life it is! I feel ten years older. It would not do to spend one's self this way very often."

"I am tired to death, mother. May I stay in my room this evening?"

"You are fretting, Jane, and fretting is bad for you every way. Why will you do it?"

"How can I help it, mother?"

Then Mrs. Swaffham looked at her daughter's white face, and said, "You know, dear, where and how to find the comfort you need. God help you, child."

And oh, how good it was to the heart-sick girl, to be at last alone, to be able to weep unwatched and unchecked—to shut the door of her soul on the world and open it to God, to tell Him all her doubt and fear and lonely grief. This was her consolation, even though no sensible comfort came from it—though the heavens seemed far off, and there was no ray of light, no whisper from beyond to encourage her.

At nine o'clock her mother brought her a posset and toast, and she took them gratefully. "Is father home?" she asked.

"Yes, Jane. He came in an hour ago with Doctor Verity."

"Have they any word of —"

"I fear not. They would have told me at once. I haven't seen much of them. There were lots of things undone, and badly done, to look after."

"If Doctor Verity gives you any opportunity will you speak about Cluny, mother?"

"You know I will. He and others will, maybe, have time for a word of kindness now. Now Cromwell has got his way, there will be only Cromwell to please, and surely a whole city full can manage that."

"I don't suppose he has ever thought of Cluny being so long over time."

"Not he! He has had things far closer to him to look after."

"But now?"

"Now he will inquire after the lad. Doctor Verity must speak to him. Dear Jane, do you suppose I don't see how you are suffering? I do, my girl, and I suffer with you. But even your father thinks we are worrying ourselves for nothing. He says Cluny will walk in some day and tell his own story—nothing worse than a fit of ague or fever, or even a wound from some street pad; perhaps a heavy snowstorm, or the swampy Netherlands under water. Men can't fight the elements, or even outwit them, dear. Mother is with you, Jane, don't you doubt that," and she stepped forward and clasped the girl to her breast.

Jane's supposition that Doctor Verity would be with her father and that their talk would be only of Cromwell, was correct. Mrs. Swaffham found the two men smoking at the fireside, and their conversation was of the Man and the Hour.

"I am sorry for Oliver Cromwell. Such a load as he has shouldered! Can he bear it?" said Israel.

"Through God's help, yes; and ten times over, yes! He is a great man," answered the Doctor.

"I think more of measures than of men," continued Israel.

"Very good. But something depends on the men, just as in a fire something depends on the grate," said the Doctor. "Oliver will do his work, and he will do it well, and then go to Him who sent him. Verily, I believe he will hear the 'Well done' of his Master."

"And then?"

"The Commonwealth will be over. The soul of it will have departed—can it live afterwards?"

"If I survive the Puritan government," said Israel, "I will join the pilgrims who have gone over the great seas."

"I will go with you, Israel, but we will not call ourselves 'pilgrims.' No, indeed! No men are less like pilgrims than they who go, not to wander about, but to build homes and cities and found republics in the land they have been led to. They are citizens, not pilgrims."

At these words Mrs. Swaffham, who had listened between sleeping and waking, roused herself thoroughly. "Israel," she said, "I will not go across seas. It is not likely. Swaffham is our very own, and we will stay in Swaffham."

(To be continued.)

THOUSANDS HOMELESS

FIRE WIPES NORWAY TOWN FROM FACE OF EARTH.

The Eleven Thousand Inhabitants Are Compelled to Camp Out, Only One Building in Town Being Saved.

The fire which swept over the town of Aalesund, Norway, Sunday morning, destroyed every building in it, with the exception of the hospital. The 11,000 inhabitants of Aalesund were compelled to camp in the open, as only a few damaged and uninhabitable houses were left standing. The children of the town had to be housed temporarily in the church at Bergund.

The panic among the people was so great after the outbreak of the flames that all attempts at leadership or discipline became out of the question; no excesses, however, were committed. The destruction of the town was complete within a couple of hours from the time the fire started.

Over twenty steam fishing boats and many sailing smacks were sunk in the harbor in order to save them from the flames. It is believed now that only three persons lost their lives. Succor has arrived and provisions are being distributed. Relief committees have been formed and have invited public subscriptions.

A majority of the inhabitants of the town lost everything they possessed. Thousands of persons had to spend twenty-four hours in the open fields, where they were without food and exposed to a bitterly cold wind and a driving rainstorm.

WAR ON AMERICANS.

Korean Mob Partially Wrecks Electric Car at Seoul.

The war department has received information of an attack by a mob of Koreans on an electric car, the line being owned by Americans, because of the fact that it had killed a Korean. A cablegram from Seoul gives this account of the trouble: An accident on the electric street railway here today, which resulted in the killing of a Korean, led to rioting on the part of the populace. The marine guard at the American legation, however, who had recourse to their firearms, succeeded in preventing the trouble from assuming serious proportions.

Towns Submerged.

The crest of the flood at Wheeling, W. Va., was reached at 4 o'clock Sunday afternoon, when the stage was 44 feet 2 inches. Fully one-third of the homes in the city were wholly or partially inundated and the sharp fall in temperature has caused a great deal of suffering. On the island very few streets are out of the water, and many second stories are invaded, but the residents are accustomed to floods and have made arrangements accordingly. The weather remains cold and many halls and churches have been thrown open for the accommodation of those who are sufferers. Nearly a whole town of Rupert, Pa., is submerged, in some places the water coming up to second-story windows.

In Grip of Blizzard.

Extreme cold weather is recorded in various sections of the north and west. The cold wave extends over a wide area, embracing the upper Mississippi and Missouri valleys and the western lake region. Particularly severe weather is reported in the Dakotas, eastern Montana, northeastern Nebraska, northwestern Iowa, northern Illinois and Indiana and portions of Wisconsin and Michigan.

At St. Paul Sunday the minimum on the official thermometer was 33 degrees below. Other thermometers registered as low as 40 below. Bismarck reported 28 and Superior, Wis., 38. In a number of places in the northwest it was the coldest weather of the year.

Colonel Lynch Released From Prison.

Colonel Arthur Lynch, who commanded the Irish brigade against the British forces during the war in South Africa, and who was afterward convicted of treason and sentenced to imprisonment for life, has been liberated "on license." Lynch has not received the royal pardon. Colonel Lynch will enjoy personal liberty and may even leave the country should he care to do so, but not having received the royal pardon, he is disqualified from sitting in parliament and from holding any public office.

War Outlook is Ominous.

Reports of an alarming nature of the situation there continue to pour out of the far east. These include the statements that the Japanese are landing an army at Sam Pho, Korea, and that 3,000 Russian troops are crossing the Yalu river. The reported dispatch of a Chinese army of soldiers, trained by European officers, beyond the great wall to preserve order in Manchuria cannot be confirmed.

NEWS SUMMARY.

A disastrous hurricane has blown over the Fiji islands, resulting in great loss of life and property.

Seven people, all colored, were instantly killed by the explosion of a boiler in a sawmill in James City, N. C.

The striking street railway employees at Bloomington, Ill., have inaugurated a competitive automobile system.

The war feeling in Colombia is dying out, and there is a general desire to allow the Panama secession to pass without a disastrous war.

Mayor Gaus of Albany, N. Y., has revoked the license of the Empire theatre and ordered radical changes in the other three theaters of that city.

Mrs. William H. Crocker of San Francisco has given \$25,000 for archaeological work in Old Mexico. Excavations are now being made at Cayacan, Mexico.

The latest reports from the relief centers in Macedonia show that there are now 100,000 persons who are homeless and without means of support for the winter.

The monthly statement of the collections of internal revenue show that the total collections for December, 1903, were \$20,577,790, a decrease for the month of \$166,061.

Lewis Radford, a negro, was lynched at Guthrie, Ky., by a mob of about forty negroes, for assaulting and killing Priscilla Frozell, colored. Radford admitted the crime.

Strong indications that there will be no war between Panama and Colombia have been observed by Bishop Junghuito, who has just returned to Panama from Cartagena and Barranquilla.

The Iroquois club, to which prominent Chicago Democrats belong, is preparing to boom General Nelson A. Miles as the man to nominate for president on the Democratic ticket this year.

Lee Turner, proprietor of the "Quarterhouse," who was charged with killing Deputy Sheriff Charles Cecil in the famous "Quarterhouse" battle in Kentucky, has been acquitted by the grand jury.

The total number of deaths in the Alabama tornado is thirty-eight, six of whom are white. The number of injured is estimated at sixty-five, twelve fatally. Citizens of Tuscaloosa are caring for the destitute.

As a result of the breaking of a governor belt, allowing an immense fly-wheel to run away and burst in a rail mill at Johnstown, Pa., three men are dead, three are fatally injured, and six are more or less severely wounded.

The jury in the case of Martha E. Bowers, on trial in San Francisco on the charge of murdering her husband, Martin Bowers, brought in a verdict of murder in the first degree and fixed the penalty at imprisonment for life.

The state department is informed of the intention of the authorities in control at San Domingo City to maintain a blockade of all of the other ports of the republic, to become effective for vessels from the United States February 1st.

Advices from Somaliland say that Kenna's Somali mounted infantry surprised a body of the Mad Mullah's forces on January 17 in the vicinity of Killnaad, killing fifty spearmen and capturing 3,000 camels and thousands of sheep.

Ned Howard Fowler, leading man of the Empire stock company at Columbus, O., shot and killed himself in the presence of his wife, Laura Nelson Hall, whom he married recently. Nervousness is assigned as the cause, due to overwork.

William Balsamo, an Italian, has been murdered in a little grocery store in Buffalo, N. Y., of which he was the proprietor. At first the Mafia was suspected, but later four boys, ranging in age from 15 to 17 years, were arrested.

About thirty persons were drowned and three hotels and one hundred and seventy-six houses destroyed as the result of a burst in a reservoir at Bleamfontein, Orange River Colony. Hundreds of persons have been rendered homeless and destitute.

Of all the articles for use in the religious services of the Central church taken to the Iroquois theatre the day before the fire, only the Bible escaped destruction. Its covers were burned off and its edges charred, but every word of the text remains.

Miss Fannie McNabb, said to be a victim of the cigarette habit, has been adjudged insane before Judge Carter in Chicago. She is 33 years old and evidence was introduced to show that she had smoked a package of cigarettes every day for years.



Mrs. Swaffham and Jane were glad to return home.

The Hague for him, and for this interference I do not thank Lord Neville."

"Nor I," answered Jane. "Had he not gone to The Hague he might have been in London by this time."

Jane had risen as she said these words, and was tying on her bonnet, and Matilda watched her with a curious interest. "I was wondering," she said slowly, "if you will be glad to marry Cluny Neville and go away to Scotland with him."

"Oh, yes," Jane answered, her eyes shining, her mouth wreathed in smiles, her whole being expressing her delight in such an anticipation. Matilda made no further remark, but when Jane had closed the door behind her, she sat down thoughtfully by the fire, and stirring together the red embers, sighed rather than said: "Why do people marry and bring up sons and daughters? This girl has been loved to the uttermost by her father and mother and brothers, and she will gladly leave them all to go off with this young Scot. She will call it 'Sacrifice for Love's sake.' I call it pure selfishness. Yet I am not a whit whiter than she. I would have stayed in Paris with Rupert, though my good uncle was in danger. I think I will go to my evening service," and as she rose for her Common Prayer, she was saying under her breath, "We have left undone those things which we ought to have done, and we have done those things which we ought not to have done. And there is no health in us."

CHAPTER XI.

Oliver Protector.

The popular discontent with the rapid and radical reforms of the saints' Parliament was not confined

and her Highness desire your company, and that of Jane, to the ceremony. You will go?"

"I had better stay at home, Israel. I cannot 'Your Highness' Elizabeth Cromwell. Jane will go."

"And you, too, Martha. I wish it."

"I never go against your wishes, Israel—at least not often."

So it happened that on the sixteenth of December, Mrs. Swaffham and Jane were dressing for Whitehall. Mrs. Swaffham was nervous and irritable; nervous, because she feared her gown was not as handsome as it ought to be; irritable, because she felt that circumstances were going to control her behaviour, whether she approved or not. Jane was unable to encourage or cheer her mother; she was herself the most unhappy maiden in London that day. For eighteen days she had been forced to accept the fact that Cluny was at least eighteen days behind all probable and improbable delays. She had not received a line from him since he left Paris; no one had. He had apparently vanished as completely as a stone dropped into mid-ocean. She had been often at Jevrey House, and during two of her visits had managed to see Sir Thomas and ask "if he had any intelligence from Lord Neville?" On her first inquiry he answered her anxiously; on his second his reply showed some anger.

"He offered voluntarily to take charge of Lady Jevrey's jewels and to collect my money at The Hague; and unless he was certain of his ability to do these things safely, he ought not to have sought the charge."

And with these words there entered into Jane's heart a suspicion that hurt her like a sword-thrust. She found herself saying continually, "It is im-